THE LAST
Will and Teſtament
OF
ANTHONY
King of Poland.

MY *Tap is run*; then *Baxter* tell me why
Should not the *good*, the great *Potapskie* die?
Grim *Death*, who lays us all upon our backs,
Inſtead of *Scyth*, doth now advance his *Ax*:
And I, who all my life in *broils* have ſpent,
Intend at laſt to make a *Settlement*.
Imprimis for my *Soul* (though I had thought
To 've left that *thing*, I never minded, out)
Some do adviſe, for fear of doing wrong,
To give it *him*, to whom it doth belong;
But I, who all *mankind* have cheated, now
Intend likewiſe to cheat the *Devil* too:
Therefore I leave my *Soul* unto my *Son*,
For *he*, as Wiſe Men think, as yet has *none*.
Then for my *Poliſh Crown*, that pretty thing,
Let *M*—— take 't, who longs to be a *King*;
His *Empty head* ſoft Nature did deſign
For ſuch a *light* and *airy Crown* as mine.
With my *Eſtate*, I'll tell you how it ſtands,
Jack Ketch muſt have my *Cloaths*, the *King* my *Lands*.
Item I leave the *damn'd Aſſociation*
To all the wiſe diſturbers of the Nation,
Not that I think they'll gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be *hang'd* as well as I.
A——*ng*. (in *Murders*, and in *Whoring* skill'd,
Who twenty *Baſtards* gets for one *man kill'd*)
To thee I do bequeath my Brace of *Whores*,
Long kept to draw the humours from my *Sores*;
For you they'll ſerve as well as *Silver Tap*,
For Women give, and ſometimes cure a Clap.
H—*d* my partner in *Captivity*,
Falſe to thy *God* and *King*, but true to me,
To thee ſome *heinious Legacy* I'd give,
But that, I think, thou haſt not long to live;
Beſides thou'ſt wickedneſs enough in ſtore
To ſerve thy ſelf and twenty thouſand more.
To thee (young *G*——) I'll ſome ſmall Toy preſent,
For you with any thing can be *content*,
Then take the *Knife* with which I cut my Corns,
'Twill ſerve to pare and *ſharp* your Lordſhips *H*---*ns*,
That you may rampant *M*—— *puſh*, and *gore*
Till he ſhall leave your Houſe, and change his Whore.
On top of *Monument* let my *Head* ſtand
It ſelf a Monument, where firſt began
The *Flame*, that has endanger'd all the Land.
But firſt to *Titus* let my *Ears* be thrown,
For he, 'tis thought, will ſhortly loſe his *own*.

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I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd *Teeth*
To *bite* and *poyson* all the Biſhops with.
Item I leave my *Tongue* to wiſe Lord *N*——*th*,
To help him bring his *what-de-call-ums* forth,
'Twill make his Lordſhip utter Treaſon clear,
And he in time may ſpeak like *Noble Peer*.
My *Squinting Eyes* let *Ignoramus* wear,
That they may this way *look*, and that way *Swear*.
Let the *Cits* take my *Noſe*, becauſe 'tis ſed
That by the *Noſe* I them have alwayes led,
But for their *Wives* I nothing now can ſpare,
For all my Live's time they have had their *ſhare*.
Let not my Quarters ſtand on City Gate,
Leaſt they new *Sects* and Factions do create;
For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches
In Dirt will fall to *Idolize* my *Haunches*;
But, that I may to my *Old Friend* be Civil,
Let ſome Witch make them Mummy for the *Devil*.
To good *King Charles* I leave (though, faith, 'tis pity)
A pois'ned Nation, and deluded City,
Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jealouſies,
Falſe Oaths, Sham-Stories, and Religious Lies.
There's one thing ſtill, which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the *Carcaſs* of my *Plot*,
In a *Conſumption* the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone, 'twill pine away and die.
Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my *worth* declare,
And let my *Life* be Writ by *Harry Care*;
And if my *Bowels* in the Earth find room,
Then *let theſe lines be Writ upon their Tomb*.

An Epitaph upon his Bowels.

YE *Mortal Whigs* for Death prepare,
For mighty Tapski's *Guts* lie here,
Will his great *Name* keep *ſweet* d'y' think!
For certainly his *Entrals* ſtink.
Alas 'tis but a fooliſh pride
To *out ſin* all Mankind beſide,
When ſuch *Illuſtrious Garbage* muſt
Be mingled with the Common duſt.
Falſe nature! That could thus *delude*
The *Cheater* of the Multitude;
That put his thoughts upon the Wing,
And egg'd him on to be a King,
See now to what an uſe ſhe puts
His Noble great and little Guts.
Tapski, who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uſes fit,
Though *Fiddle-Strings* they might not be
(Becauſe he hated *harmony*)
Yet for *Black Puddings* they were good,
Their Maſter did delight in *Blood*:
Of this they ſhould have drank their fill
(King *Cyrus* did not fare ſo ill)
Poor Guts could this have been your hap
Sheriff *B*——*l* might have got a ſnap,
But now at *York* his Guts muſt rumble
Since you into a hole did tumble.

FINIS.

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